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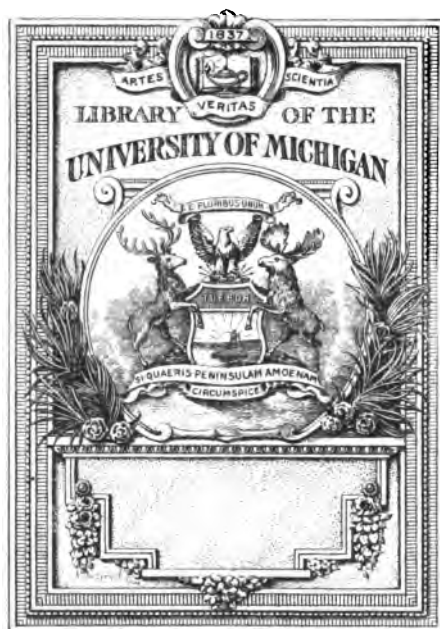
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A reply to Judge  
Johnson's remarks  
--- relating to Count  
Casimir Putski

University of Michigan



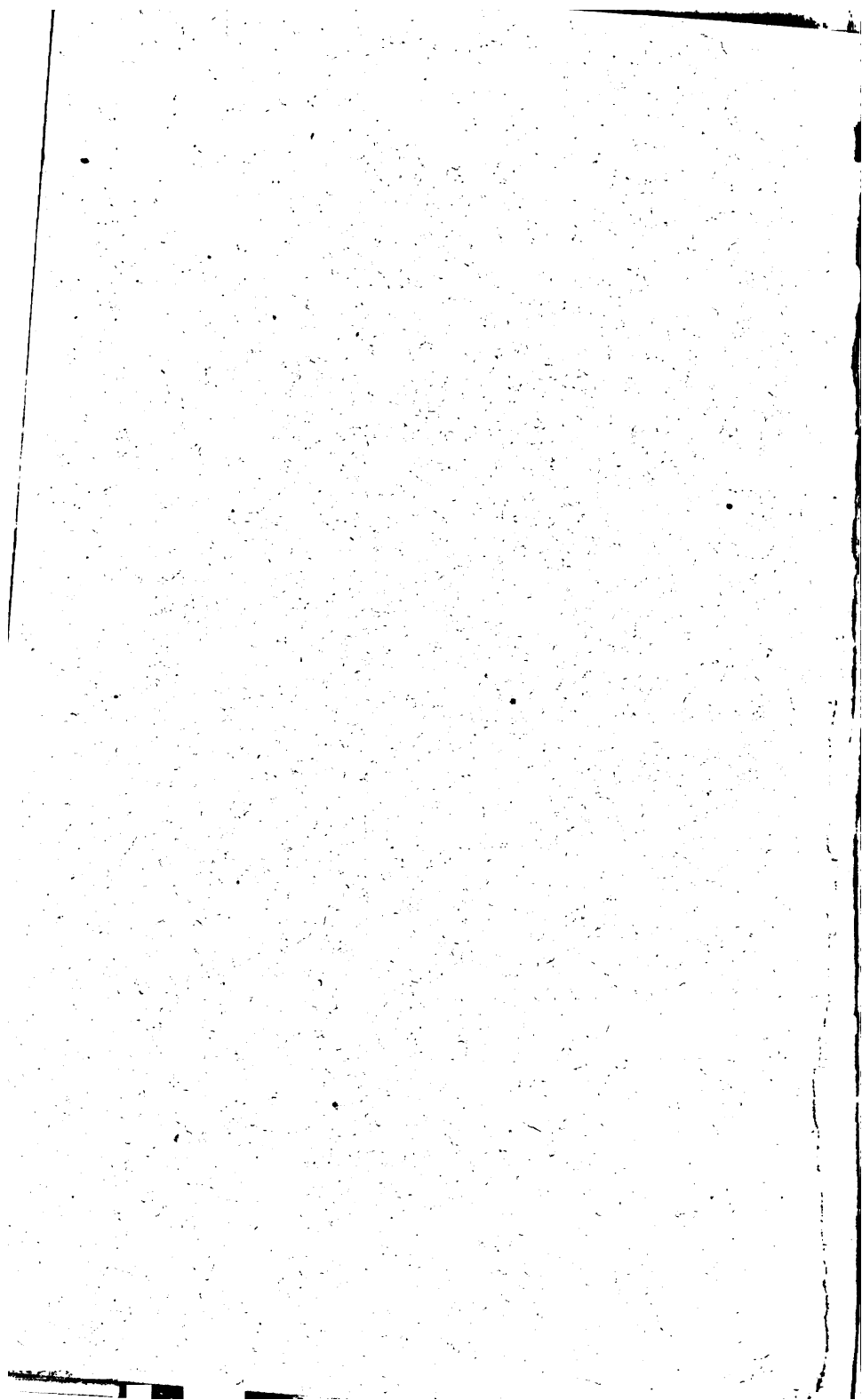
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**REPLY**

TO

**JUDGE JOHNSON'S REMARKS**

ON AN ARTICLE IN THE

**NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,**

RELATING TO

*Casimir*

**COUNT PULASKI.**

---

**BY PAUL BENTALOU,**

**AUTHOR OF PULASKI VINDICATED.**

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**Baltimore:**

PRINTED BY J. D. TOY,  
Corner of St. Paul and Market streets.  
1826.

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## A REPLY &c.

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THOSE who have read the "Remarks" referred to in the title page, will at once understand the propriety of the present publication. To such as have not it is necessary to explain, why I feel myself under the necessity of replying to strictures which purport to be aimed at the Editor of the North American Review,—since that gentleman is certainly quite capable of defending himself.

The author of the Life of Gen. Greene, among the many passages which distinguish his work from authentick histories, has imputed the ill success of the affair of Germantown, to Pulaski's falling asleep at his post. In a pamphlet published some time ago, under the title of "Pulaski Vindicated," but without my name, I endeavoured to show the improbability of this alleged fact, and the impossibility, even allowing it to be true, of its having produced the consequences he imputes to it. I was urged to this "Vindication" by motives which, however unintelligible to the author of the "Sketches," may well excuse it to the publick,—indignation, namely, at an unfounded libel, and zeal for the veracity of history,—both heightened by grateful veneration for a hero, under whom it had been my fortune to serve.

This publication was favourably noticed in the forty-seventh number of the North American Review, the article to which the Remarks of Judge Johnson are intended as a reply. There had appeared, however, in the United States Magazine for January 1823, (eighteen months before the publication



of my pamphlet,) a "Review of the Sketches of the Life of Greene," extremely well adapted, from the force and spirit with which it was written, to provoke the spleen of an author. The Judge, for what reason I cannot conjecture, has ingeniously referred all these attacks to a single source. Perhaps he deems it impossible that merit like his, can have more than a single foe.\* But be this as it may, he has made the Remarks the common vehicle of invective against the writer in the United States Magazine, the Reviewer, and myself. He chooses, however, to regard me as a mere man of straw, at which he may thrust without remorse, and I must say that in this exercise he displays more earnestness than elegance: Or rather, having found me by chance among his enemies, he lays about him at hap-hazard; and, as he fights in a passion, and in the dark, he cannot be expected to deal his blows with discretion.

As this conjecture of the Judge, of the common origin of all the attacks referred to, is perhaps the most ingenious feat of authorship displayed in the Remarks, it is unfortunate that it is completely contradicted by the facts, which I shall here take the liberty to relate.

When I first saw his attack on the memory of my late distinguished commander, I felt as was natural on such an occasion, and determined at once not to suffer the accusation to remain uncontradicted. The newspapers did not seem the proper vehicle of a reply, as it was desirable to record it in more durable form; and the Rev. Mr. Sparks, whom I understood to be concerned in the North American Review, being then a resident of Baltimore, I submitted to him my thoughts on the subject in writing, in the hope that they might

\*"It is impossible," says the Judge, p. 6 of the Remarks, "for any reader to be so blind, as not to perceive the common origin of this pamphlet and of the Review of the Life of Greene published in the United States Magazine: not less impossible than for any one to be so dull as not to discover the intimate fellowship between the author of this pamphlet and its reviewer."

be put into the proper shape, and inserted in that Journal. This, I was informed, could not be done, the Sketches having already been reviewed there. Anxious, however, to discharge what I deemed a duty, I applied to a literary friend, now no more, by whose advice and assistance I published "Pulaski Vindicated," and this pamphlet, as I have said, was reviewed in the North American, without any solicitation on my part, and from a sense, I presume, of patriotism and justice, which can cause no surprise, and needs no explanation. I avail myself with pleasure of this occasion, to tender my thanks to the respectable editor of that Journal. As to the Review of the Sketches in the United States Magazine, I can only assert positively, that I never had any communication with its author on the subject of my Vindication, and that I have no other reasons for imputing it to the supposed writer, than such as may have led the publick to the same opinion.

It is true that I availed myself in my pamphlet, of the objections which had been urged by various critics of our biographer, against his style, his logick, and his credibility, and that I dwelt with some emphasis on the review in the U. S. Magazine. I naturally supposed that our author's having been convicted of error in one point of history, would lessen his authority on another; and feeling myself not to be the strongest of his assailants, I was not unwilling, before I brought my charge before the publick, to show on the authority of others that the offender was not infallible. I could not have anticipated from this course, that I should have the honour to be confounded with the able writer in the U. S. Magazine, or that two productions so different as his and mine, in every particular of style and character, should be traced by the author of the Remarks, with his usual confidence, and his usual acuteness too, to the same hand.

His mistake in this particular, and in supposing me to be combined with the North American Reviewers,—whose “eternal enmity” he, with his usual ill fortune, deems himself to have incurred,—has led him into a rudeness of demeanour towards me, which, I would hope, had not otherwise been indulged even by this rash and thoughtless accuser of the dead. He has, however, taken the liberty to mention me repeatedly in terms so coarse and contemptuous, that, lest my silence should be construed into acquiescence, I am constrained to notice them through the same channel which has been chosen by himself. I regret this, not only because I am not desirous of a controversy with one of his tone of manners, but because I am reluctant to obtrude myself on the dignified body which he has selected for the tribunal on this occasion. Indeed, with all the provocation given in the Remarks, I had perhaps remained silent, had I not believed I might with propriety claim its attention to the various historical misrepresentations which are wrought up with the personal invectives of the Remarks; nor shall I speak of myself farther than is necessary to expose these.

The author of the Sketches is not content, however, with having scented out a conspiracy against himself. His *acumen* goes a degree farther, and discovers in the various and, as he says, concerted attacks which that unlucky production has brought on him, nothing less than a conspiracy against the fame of Washington. The greater part of his readers will naturally number this phantom among the delusions of a mind disturbed by passion, and unused, withal, to conceive that censure can glance on him from any demerit of his own. Perhaps in this conjecture they would do injustice to his policy; perhaps, too, our author may, in this extraordinary suggestion, have proceeded under the impulse of both. At all events, it was convenient to enlist popular feeling on his side; and really, what with the aid of the Newburgh conspiracy, and General Gates’s conspiracy, and the dark

hints which he has given of this confederacy against Washington, the spell which he has wrought for this purpose is not so devoid of the "black art,"—saving, however, the absurdity of thrusting the Reverend Editor of the North American, into this black combination, at the side of a person who is and is not—Gen. Armstrong. It was too simple an explanation for our Remarker's purpose, of the consenting attacks which he has sustained, that the love of historical veracity and justice should have raised him antagonists from all sides. But if this seems incredible to him, and should be encouraged by the success of his first historical attempt, to another of like merit, I venture to predict for it the same compliments to his skilful arrangement, his taste in figures, his "curious felicity" in grammar, and, above all, his discretion, candour and fidelity, as have greeted the auspicious birth of the Sketches. The conspiracy against him is indeed wider than he thinks, and embraces such an amount of sense and good feeling, as might teach modesty to any but a desperate author. The reader will already have perceived him to be wide of the mark in numbering me in the fancied confederacy against him; and I leave the farther inference he has drawn,—that I am an enemy of Washington,—to be determined by the fate of the premises, and by the notoriety which he has already gained to himself as an accurate and "honest chronicler." He has, however, involved other names in this charge, and what farther chastisement his rashness deserves, he is likely to undergo from abler hands than mine.

But before I proceed to the affair of Germantown, the original point in issue between our biographer and myself, I must call the reader's attention to the "Post-script" attached to the Remarks. It is in the following words. "This Pamphlet was put to press early in the summer. Its distribution was prevented by the author's being suddenly called from home.—If General Pinckney's testimony to support the fact

related of Count Pulaski, could need corroboration, it can be further proved that Gen. LAFAYETTE, when lately in Columbia, declared it to be true of his own knowledge."

It is now seventeen months since the publication of "Pulaski Vindicated." It is as unfortunate for me as for the Judge, that, though his pamphlet was put to press during the visit of Lafayette, any accident should have postponed its distribution, till the absence of the General has put it out of his power to reconcile a most material discrepancy between the testimony of the Judge's informant and my own; a discrepancy which will seem singular enough from what I have to relate on this subject.

On the first visit of Lafayette to Baltimore, I presented him a copy of the "Vindication." He received it kindly, and was pleased, after reading it, to express his approbation of the part I had taken, as the natural act, and indeed the strict duty, of the fellow soldier and friend of Pulaski. Aware of the delicacy of the situation in which he stood in this country, and unwilling to ask of him what might be inconsistent with the prudence which it required, I forbore to request from him any written or formal declaration as to the point in dispute. I sought, however, a favourable occasion to elicit one in conversation, and one occurring soon afterwards at his lodgings, I asked him, in the presence of a friend who is now dead, and the same who gave me his aid in my Vindication, whether he had ever heard Washington or any one else say, that Pulaski had been found asleep by Washington, and that the ill success at Germantown was principally to be ascribed to that circumstance. The inquiry actually caused him to start, and he answered with vehemence, "no, never;" or, to use his own expression, as the question was put in French, "*non, jamais*." The same reply was made on another occasion, of which the eye and ear witness is yet alive. On Lafayette's second visit, I think, to Baltimore, and

on a Sunday, the General, his son, M. Levasseur and myself went together to the evening service at the Unitarian Church in this city. The General, on leaving the church, proposed to pass the rest of the evening at my house, and the Hon. John Barney, a son of the late Commodore Barney, and now a Representative in Congress from Baltimore, also joined the party. On that social evening, in the bosom of my family, we conversed much on the men and the events of our revolution, and Pulaski was a favourite topick. Lafayette was but nineteen years of age when he first became personally acquainted in America with Pulaski, whose military reputation, as the General remarked, was then so high and well established, that he could not regard him without respect and admiration. In the course of the conversation I put the same question as on the former occasion, and received the same earnest reply, "no, never." The letter of Mr. Barney is subjoined in confirmation of this narrative.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
*February 14th, 1826.*

DEAR SIR—

In answer to your inquiry relative to a conversation which took place at your house, during the winter of 1824—25, I distinctly recollect, that when you asked Gen. Lafayette if he ever had heard General Washington mention that Count Pulaski had been found asleep at his post, previously to the battle of Germantown, or that the surprise was prevented by neglect of duty on his part, General Lafayette replied with warmth, no, never; and proceeded to speak of Pulaski in the highest terms of praise.

My impressions were that the memory of Pulaski was cherished by Lafayette, as a gallant soldier who had devoted himself to the service of our country, and that he terminated his life without blemish or reproach.

With, &c.

JOHN BARNEY.

COL. PAUL BENTALOU, *Baltimore.*

I do not pretend to reconcile this statement with the declaration at Columbia imputed to the General. On the contrary, as I have the evidence of my own senses, and the corroborative testimony of a respectable gentleman, to declarations from the same venerable source of a quite opposite character, I must declare, without reserve, my absolute disbelief that he ever asserted the fact related of Pulaski, "to be true of his own knowledge." As I am entitled to think thus, according to the established principles of evidence, so there is nothing in the authority of our biographer as a correct relater, which can make his hearsay countervail this direct and positive testimony.

Even if, in courtesy to my antagonist, I could doubt my own senses, and those of an honourable friend, there would remain other difficulties in the way of his assertion. If it is as a lawyer, and not in the less rigid character of a biographer, that he asserts Lafayette to have declared the fact relating to Pulaski, to be true of his own knowledge, it is manifest that Lafayette could never have said so, because at the time when it is supposed to have occurred, he was at Bethlehem, whither he had gone after the battle of Brandywine, in consequence of a wound received in the leg, and of which, at the time of the affair at Germantown, he had not recovered. He was therefore forty miles from the scene of action. Of this it is unnecessary to bring proof, as the fact is notorious. He could not therefore, as lawyers say, know it to be true of his own knowledge; and the fact of the *alibi* thus proved, would reduce his evidence, could he have given such evidence, to mere hearsay. A fact so remarkable might be supposed, indeed, soon to have reached his ears; and so, it is probable, it would have done, had it ever occurred. The other difficulty I allude to, arises out of the moral character of Lafayette. On his return from his tour through the southern and western states, he passed, it may be remembered, from the north through Baltimore to Wash-

ington. On this last occasion he took me by the hand, and expressed in warm terms the pleasure he had felt when, at the request of the people of Savannah, he laid the first stone of the monument now erecting there to Pulaski. If the reputation of the Judge, as an accurate relater, hung wholly on this point, I could not but decide it against him. Here is the virtuous Lafayette, if the author of the Remarks report truly, defaming at Columbia the hero to whom he had consecrated a tomb at Savannah, and, on the other hand, expressing his satisfaction at having assisted to honour the memory of a careless soldier, found, in the hour of danger, shamefully asleep at his post, reprimanded by his general, and causing a most unfortunate disaster to the American arms:

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

I shall waste few words on the aspersions of the character and acts of Pulaski in Poland, which are collected in the Remarks from the gossiping Wraxall, to name whom as an authority, carries the air of a jest, and from Coxe, who was too graciously received by king Stanislaus, and too sensible of the condescension, to be altogether an unbiassed witness against his enemies. This Wraxall, I remember, whenever he speaks of the American Revolution, facetiously calls it an Insurrection; and to quote against Pulaski this formal, full dressed prig of a courtier, is about as candid and wise as it would be to estimate the character of Washington from the abuse of the ministerial hirelings during the administration of Lord North. With regard to the charge of his intending to assassinate Stanislaus, to say nothing of the folly of an act which must have combined against him all the crowned heads of Europe, and all the wise and virtuous of his own party, there is also the assertion of Pulaski to the contrary. I never conversed with him on that subject, that he did not assign for the attempt on the king, the motive alleged in the Vindication; and the



declaration of a patriot is no despicable authority, even in his own cause. As to the fanaticism which the Judge would fasten on the enterprise, it is a small censure on Pulaski, that he wrought with such agents as the unhappy circumstances of his nation furnished. But as the present question concerns the *military* character of Pulaski, and as, by the consenting testimony of friends and foes, he is allowed to have been an active and vigilant warrior for liberty,—pregnant in resource, and incapable of surprise,—I may be allowed to waive a discussion embarrassed and obscured by political animosities, and come at once to examine the charge reiterated in the Remarks, of Pulaski's negligence, and its imputed consequences at Germantown.

And here let me remark, that however naturally I might expect some display of ingenuity from a controvertist hard pressed in an argument, I hardly supposed he would truncate a quotation from his own work. He says, in p. 9 of the Remarks, "the supposed offence which has drawn upon me this attack, is contained in the following extract from the Life of General Greene, relating to the occurrence at the battle of Germantown.—But it is a melancholy fact, of which few are informed, that the celebrated Pulaski, who commanded the patrol, was found by Gen. Washington himself, asleep in a farm house." Our author cannot suppose that any offence was taken at his saying that Pulaski was asleep, or even that he was asleep in a farm-house. It might have been thought, indeed, a silly anecdote, and the reader might have been puzzled, perhaps, to discover any thing "melancholy" in the affair, unless it were the coarseness of Pulaski's lodging. It is the succeeding sentence that moves indignation,—in which Pulaski is opprobriously termed an *offender*, and this circumstance imputed to him as a negligence which caused principally the reverse at Germantown, and which, but for motives of policy and pity, would have been proclaim-

ed by his commander to his disgrace. "Policy only, and a regard to the rank and misfortunes of the *offender*, could have induced the General to suppress the fact: yet to this circumstance, most probably, we are to attribute the success of the enemy's patrol in approaching near enough to discover the advance of the American column." To this discovery, as the reader will see by consulting the whole passage in the Sketches, its author imputes all the confusion of that day, and reiterates in the Remarks the charge against Pulaski, with its consequences.

It is unnecessary, or at least I am unwilling to repeat here, what was urged on this point in the Vindication. There was no reason why Pulaski should not sleep, (admitting him to have done so,) after he had stationed his videttes, unless, indeed, he chose to do himself the duty of a sentinel. Pulaski was not a patrol, nor did he command a patrol, but an advanced party. Neither has the hour's notice supposed to have been obtained by the enemy, of the projected attack, any perceivable connexion with Pulaski's slumbers, since there are many modes by which they might have learned it, without the advanced parties having come into contact, and whether the commander of one of them were asleep or not. Indeed, as the fog is allowed to have been so dense that nothing was visible at the distance of a few paces, the enemy's patrol, in order to discover the advanced guard under Pulaski, must necessarily have passed within a few paces of it, and if one man of the guard had remained awake, his ear would have given him information of their approach. The whole detachment, therefore, must have been affected with the same fatal drowsiness as Pulaski, which is not very credible. But suppose the whole party to have been asleep, would that circumstance have given the enemy any more information than if they had been all broad awake? Nay, is not the hum of waking men more likely to put an enemy's scout on the alert, than the

silence of their slumber? Or suppose them, on the other hand, to be all on the watch, and aware that they had been discovered by the enemy's patrol, could they, merely by being awake, have made the enemy unlearn what they had thus become apprised of? Allowing all the facts alleged by our author to be true, his conclusion is still illogical and false, as the causes which he assigns, are inadequate to produce the effect. It had been more plausible, and somewhat more consonant with Pulaski's character, to conjecture, that bewildered in the fog, or hurried on by ardour, he had advanced too close on the enemy's camp, and, by alarming them, thwarted the intended surprise. But I deny that the enemy had notice of the attack; and I am supported in asserting that the surprise was complete, and that the advantage expected, and in part obtained, was cut short by other causes than that supposed by the author of the *Sketches*, not only by the concurrent opinions of historians, but by the evidence furnished by the objector himself.

The first of these I need not quote, since, by claiming the merit of a quite new conjecture, the biographer tacitly admits them to be unanimous against him. But how can he cite Washington's letters as authorities in his favour? For says the General, "the enemy leaving their baggage, retreated to a considerable distance." But did they leave their baggage because they *were not* surprised, or because they *were*? Here, methinks, are sufficient signs of surprise and haste. But why, if the enemy were surprised, did we not reap from that circumstance all the expected advantage? The answer is given in the very next words of the letter; because "there had been thrown a party into Chew's house, who were in a situation *not to be easily forced*, could give us from the windows *no small annoyance*, and, *in a great measure, obstruct our advance*." All gloss on such a text were superfluous.

But perhaps the author of the Remarks is more happy in his next quotation from Washington. "The morning was extremely foggy, which prevented our improving the advantages gained, so well as we should otherwise have done. *This circumstance*, by concealing from us the true situation of the enemy, obliged us to act with much caution, and less expedition than we could have wished, and *gave the enemy time to recover from the effects of our first impression*; and, what was still more unfortunate, it served to keep our different parties in ignorance of each other's movements, and hinder their acting in concert. It also occasioned them to mistake one another for the enemy—, which I believe, more than any thing else, contributed to the misfortunes which ensued. In the midst of the most promising appearances, when every thing gave the most flattering hopes of victory, the troops began to retreat &c."

Here Washington speaks of "advantages gained," of "the effects of the first impression," of "promising appearances," and of "the most flattering hopes of victory." It seems, then, that Pulaski's having fallen asleep, had produced no ill effect in the first aspect of the battle. But must it be presumed, in order to account for the subsequent posture of affairs? On the contrary, Gen. Washington has assigned causes sufficient, and much more satisfactory. *He* imputes the insufficient results of the surprise, to the fog, which concealed the situation of the enemy, required more caution and less expedition on our part, kept us ignorant of our own movements, and, lastly, made us mistake each other for the enemy,—the circumstance contributing most largely to our misfortune. Could better reasons have been given for the ill turn of the enterprise? and as, (to use the argument of our Remarker,) we believe Washington to have been incapable of either deceit or equivocation, and as his testimony here is so full and conclusive, this point, together with the conjectures of the biographer, may be

considered as at rest. The manœuvres so minutely detailed in the Remarks, prove nothing at last but the confusion admitted by Washington, and imputed by him to the fog; and as to the fact of the surprise, not only did the enemy abandon their baggage, but left their tents standing. So it was, at least, in the camp which I passed through that morning. But as the Judge seems to doubt my having been there at all, I may here mention the time and circumstances of my joining the army, as these will show that I may speak with some certainty of what occurred at Germantown, as also at Brandywine and the Warren Tavern, having been present at them all.

I embarked at Bourdeaux for America in November 1776, and, landing at Philadelphia, proceeded to head quarters at Norristown, N. J. where I tendered my letters of recommendation to Gen. Washington, and solicited a commission in the horse. But being informed by the General that I could not possibly obtain one, as there were but four regiments raising, and all the commissions were already bestowed, I said that, rather than be disappointed, I would serve as a volunteer in the infantry. On this the General granted me a lieutenancy in the German battalion, then forming a part of Brig. Gen. Maxwell's brigade, and I immediately joined the corps at its winter quarters at Quibbletown. When in the spring of 1777 the army was organized for the campaign, the German battalion was assigned to Muhlenberg's brigade of Gen. Greene's division, and therefore his biographer may perceive that I was both at the battle of Brandywine, and that of Germantown.

It was at the former that I had the good fortune to become first acquainted with Pulaski, who, impatient of remaining near Congress to solicit a commission, had hastened to Washington, and, together with Lafayette, and many other foreign officers of distinction, formed that day a part of his suite. The peculiar talents of Pulaski enabled him to render the most es-

sential aid on that pressing occasion; and if the manes of Greene could address his biographer, they would reprove his attempt to ridicule a service so timely and well performed. Ramsay appears to have had a juster sense of its importance. After mentioning that Pulaski fought at Brandywine, he adds that "he was a thunderbolt of war, and always sought the post of danger as the post of honour." To one, however, who knows only the perils of the circuit, it may perhaps seem marvellous that a body of thirty horsemen, quite fresh, excited by the occasion, and led by an officer intrepid and experienced, should by repeated charges have impeded the enemy's advance, and given time to our army to gain ground. I was not myself an eye witness of those charges, but I saw and conversed with Pulaski immediately on his return from that important and successful duty.

Greene covered the retreat.—This is mentioned in the Remarks in a tone of triumph, as conflicting with the service which I have ascribed to Pulaski, and contradicted, together with "the tale of the baggage," by a letter of Washington, and by "the original accounts of the day." Yet both circumstances are extremely intelligible. It is true that General Washington, expecting a battle with the enemy, had taken the precaution to send all his heavy baggage and commissary stores a considerable distance in the rear of the army; but enough of the light baggage remained to form a column of wagons. And so far am I from being disposed to deny that Greene covered the retreat, that it is to that very circumstance I owe my first interview with Pulaski. For having halted, as was our duty, till the rest of the army had moved onwards, we at length took up our line of march. It was then long after sunset, but the night was beautiful, and the moon shone as bright as day. Pulaski, with his horse, having performed his part of the duty of the day, overtook us before we reached Chester, and seeing from my appearance, as he moved slowly along

our column, that I was a French officer, he relaxed his pace, and entered into conversation with me. Learning my disappointment in being unable to get into the cavalry, he promised to send for me when occasion should offer. He took my direction at parting, and a few days afterwards redeemed his promise. I had the good fortune to please him; and when subsequently, early in the spring of 1778, he obtained his independent legionary corps, he sent for me, and appointed me to the command of the first troop of the light dragoons of the legion. I hope I may claim the humble merit of having, to the best of my ability, done my duty as an officer during both the war of the revolution, and in the late war.

The "ten thousand victorious men," who, according to our author, "ought to have prostrated Pulaski's detachment by the fire of a single company," allowed us, however, to retreat very leisurely, and even to rest and refresh near Chester. Thence the wing of the army in which I was, proceeded across the Schuylkill to Philadelphia, and continued its march along the left bank of that river; and then recrossing it, advanced up the Lancaster road to the Warren Tavern, where rations were served, and other indications appeared of the intention of Washington to give a short rest and refreshment to his army. It was then that Pulaski, intending to scour the country with his cavalry, and to reconnoitre the enemy, fell, to his astonishment, on their whole army in full march. He charged the van, and of course caused a short halt, and returning at full speed to head quarters, which were in a farm house, demanded to speak to the Commander in Chief. He was told that he could not be seen, as he was then holding a council of war; but this redoubling his anxiety, and Washington hearing the bustle from the next room, came out himself, accompanied by his aid Col. Hamilton, who, it may be remarked, spoke French very well. The unexpected information communicated by Pulaski, startled Gen.

Washington. Col. Hamilton heedlessly observed to the Count, that "he had perhaps made a mistake, and had only seen some of our own people,"—an observation natural enough in Hamilton, as Pulaski was a foreigner. It gave, however, great offence to Pulaski, who, indeed, flew into a violent passion. When Washington learned the cause, he apologized for his aid, remarking that he was a young man, who had no intention to offend him; and then naturally said to Pulaski, "Count, what would you advise?" or something to that effect. Pulaski replied that he thought a detachment of about three hundred infantry, together with the cavalry he had with him, could retard the enemy's approach sufficiently to give time to prepare for their reception. The detachment was instantly ordered out, under the command of Brig. Gen. Scott, and, in great bustle and hurry, the whole army moved on to form the lines. The storm which arose, separated the armies, when their advanced parties had hardly engaged. To all these circumstances I can testify, having been with Pulaski from the first discovery of the enemy till the conclusion of the interview just described. Gen. Hamilton, were he alive, would corroborate the statement as to the interview: of that, however, I am the only surviving witness. But as to the unexpected advance of the enemy, every surviving officer who served on that day, will recollect and confirm it; and from two of them I have obtained letters to that purpose,—the first from Col. Howard of Baltimore, the other from Gen. Samuel Smith, Senator in Congress from Maryland.

BELVIDERE, *March 18, 1826.*

*Dear Sir,—*

I take the first leisure moment to answer your letter of the 3d inst.

I was not at the battle of Brandywine, having been sent from Boundbrook to Maryland, to superintend the recruiting service.—I rejoined the army a few



days afterwards near the Schuylkill, on their advance from Germantown. They crossed the river a little above the falls, and advanced to the Lancaster road, ten miles from Philadelphia, where they halted. The next day they moved up the road by easy marches, and on that day, or the day following, were halted between the Warren and White Horse taverns. It was understood, and the movements plainly indicated, that Gen. Washington was determined to interpose between the enemy and the fords on the Schuylkill, and that a battle would take place. It was believed that the enemy would endeavour to cross the river at Swedes' ford, which seemed to be most known and used, probably from its being the first good ford above the falls. There were two roads from the enemy's encampment to the ford, the principal one leading by the Turk's Head, (now Westchester,) and crossing the Lancaster road near the White Horse, and the other lower down and less used, coming into the Lancaster road near the Warren Tavern. As the army was posted, it in a great measure embraced both roads.

We had drawn provisions, and the men had been engaged in cooking, when about eleven o'clock a. m. to the best of my recollection, an alarm was suddenly given, and the men were ordered under arms. By this time we heard the firing of the advanced parties to our left, and, I think, on the lower road, which appeared to be at the distance of a mile, or a mile and a half. *Some wounded horsemen* came in, one of whom, a volunteer, I knew. The Maryland troops, to which I belonged, were on the right, and we were hastily formed on the left of the Lancaster road, and at right angles with it, and behind a fence. In our front was a cleared field, which I think belonged to the White Horse farm. We were *hurried* to our post, looking every moment for the enemy in front. It soon commenced raining, and in a little time the firing ceased. In a half hour or more, the rain increas-

ing fast, we had orders to retreat. The water in the vallies which crossed the road, was knee deep, and in some places more. The deep mud rendered the march so fatiguing to the men, that it was late in the night when we arrived at the Yellow Springs. We had no tents, and the rain was so heavy that it was with great difficulty we could kindle fires by holding blankets over them. On examination next day, we found our arms in bad order, and most of the ammunition spoiled.

I am your ob't serv't,

J. E. HOWARD.

COL. P. BENTALOU.

General Smith's Letter is to the following effect:

WASHINGTON, 1st April, 1826.

*Dear Sir,—*

I received your letter of the 30th on yesterday. I was so occupied that I had not time to answer it until this day. In answer to your inquiries I will state, that after the battle of Brandywine, Sullivan's division rendezvoused at Chester. I think it remained one day there, and marched the next. I do not recollect that it crossed the Schuylkill. I remember as well as if it had been yesterday, that, on the day you allude to, our division was encamped east of the road from Philadelphia to Lancaster, and that there was no idea of an attack by the enemy, when, I think about or after 12 o'clock, the drum beat to arms, and the fourth regiment of Maryland, of which I was Lieut. Colonel, formed instantly, and rested on their arms, waiting orders, when a most tremendous rain came on, which I had supposed stopped the enemy, and compelled our army to march: it retreated towards the Schuylkill. It rained, or rather poured a torrent, all night. I think, but am not certain, that we forded the Schuylkill the next day.

I regret that Judge Johnson has used the language you allude to, for I have a great respect for him, and

I feel certain that if he had known you as intimately as I have done, he would have known that there is no man of a fairer, more honourable, or more amiable character, than you have borne for nearly the half century that you have resided in Baltimore.

With sincere esteem,

S. SMITH.

COL. P. BENTALOU.

That Washington had determined to risk another battle, is apparent from his having recrossed the Schuylkill, and his advance towards the enemy, no less than from his letters. But that he did not expect to engage them on that day, seems obvious from his giving rest and refreshment to his army; and that he had not reached the position which he wished, is probable from his holding a council of war. I confess I see not what there is in this narrative of a sudden movement of the enemy,—call it a surprise, or what we will,—to excite the ridicule or the incredulity of our author, who has sufficient facility of belief on other occasions. A general, like other men, may certainly expect, and even prepare for an event, which may nevertheless occur at a place and a time, at which he did not anticipate it. That this, which reconciles all the contradictions which our Remarker so plumes himself on detecting, was really the case, can be shown from the very passage from Marshall, quoted by himself. “At this place, early next morning,\* intelligence was received that the enemy was approaching

\* With great deference to all the statements and opinions of Judge Marshall, I will take the liberty to observe that I think the intelligence is erroneously stated to have been received early in the morning. Gen. Smith says the alarm was about or after 12 o'clock, and Col. Howard thinks, about eleven. My own impression is, it was past meridian. This matter, of no importance to the historical relation of Judge Marshall, is material to me, in order to show that the first information received by Washington of the approach of the enemy, was at his quarters, and from Pulaski, and that the day was then far advanced.

in two columns. Finding it too late to reach the ground he had intended to occupy, Washington immediately resolved to meet his enemy, and engage him in front." Our author, with a happy address, and for the purpose, I presume, of proving Washington's intention to give battle, prints the words "*resolved to meet his enemy*," in italics. There was no necessity for any proof, any more than for the rhetorical flourish with which our author has obliged us on this occasion, and which I will insert, that the reader, who can by this time judge for himself, may see how grave an accusation he has brought against me, in conjunction with others, and how mighty a matter he can make out of nothing.

"Is it not indisputable that they (i. e. the fancied confederacy against him,) are aiming the most insidious blow against the reputation of Washington?—The commander of the American army, within striking distance of his enemy, is represented by them (the aforesaid confederates,) as about to sustain the last of military disgraces, a surprise, 'a total surprise,' and that in broad daylight; when a stranger sent from Heaven, as it were, interposes, and saves him from destruction. Then follows hasty, unpremeditated preparation, and preparation which that stranger alone knew how to cover and secure. Pulaski advises, Pulaski executes," and so on to the end of a paragraph which I have not patience to transcribe.

But Washington had no alternative but to face the enemy, or make a retreat as safe and rapid as practicable. He chose the first; and what might have been the result, but for the rain, it is not within even the Judge's sagacity to determine. What, too, led Washington to believe that the enemy would not seek an action on that day, and what determined Howe, on the other hand, to hasten an engagement, it is of course not easy to know at this distance of time. It is not more incredible, however, that the British commander should have taken a sudden determination

unknown to Washington, than that the latter should, on the 3d of October following, late in the evening, when it was least expected by his army or by the enemy, have meditated to surprise and attack them at Germantown. As a general very often decides suddenly on an enterprise, so his antagonist cannot always have notice of his design; and the more sudden the determination is, the less is the probability of the other party's being apprised of it. If in such circumstances our author thinks the foresight of the greatest captain that ever lived, would secure him from sudden attacks, and that the vigilance of a partizan officer is of no service, or not worth speaking of, I can only say his notions of military matters are very extraordinary. He allows, indeed, that "Pulaski was perhaps dispatched with the command of a patrol." There was no necessity to dispatch him: he was then "appointed commander of the horse, with the rank of Brigadier." It was therefore his duty to protect the army from surprise; and, lying as it then was on the Lancaster road, to be vigilant in reconnoitring. That he did his duty in this respect, was proved by the event, and there is every reason to believe that had he, a few days before, been sent with an adequate force to the forks of the Brandywine, the fortune of that day would have been different, and the service rendered by him in the evening, had not been required.

Thus far I have pursued our author through his Remarks, in which, like a rolling rock, he at once acquires more violence in his course, and leaps with more surprising facility over all obstacles. If the reader have patience to follow him through the affairs of Charleston and Savannah, he will find in our Remarker's southern campaign against the reputation of Pulaski, flashes of the same genius, candour and caution that shine out in the north. An unfortified point here and there, rash sallies, and by turns a blind confidence and an unwise distrust, distinguish the pamphleteer as much as the biographer. As to the

affair of Charleston I must make one remark, which the disingenuousness of our author suggests to me. In "Pulaski Vindicated" I had only one principal object,—the exculpation of Pulaski from the negligence imputed to him at Germantown. What else I said, whether of his general character, or his services in this country, was merely subsidiary to the chief object, and would therefore be mentioned in the most general terms. An author, like a painter, does not give the same laborious finish to his perspective as to his foreground. It was in this manner that I mentioned, in the work alluded to, the arrival of Pulaski in Charleston, his share in preventing the capitulation of that city, and his desire to revive the drooping spirits of its inhabitants, by active operations against the besiegers. It was no business of mine to relate particulars perfectly well known to history, nor to enumerate all the circumstances, or all the meritorious personages, that the final safety of the city was owing to.

On the short paragraph of twenty lines in which I adverted to that affair, the author of the Remarks has expended five pages of reply, and, after all, admits, I should say demonstrates, in every particular of the least importance, all that I said on the subject. The assertions which I *really* made in the passage alluded to, (for as for those which are found there by our author, he, as usual, sees with different eyes from all the rest of the world,) are, that part of Pulaski's legion (not Pulaski himself) arrived at Charleston at the very time that Prevost appeared before that city; and that his timely arrival contributed much to baffle the hopes of the enemy. I am certain no reader of common sense and candour, would suppose that, with known history staring me in the face, I could have the folly to impute the retreat of Prevost to the simple arrival of Pulaski. My associating him with Col. Laurens more particularly, proceeded from my recollection of their great intimacy. Both lost their lives

in the service of their country. On this occasion both went to the Council Chamber, determined to remonstrate against the proposed capitulation, and it is certain that they energetically seconded Gen. Moultrie in his resolve to defend the city. In the like spirit, Pulaski made the sortie I mentioned.

If the reader will refer to the passage from Moultrie quoted in the Remarks, he will find from it that Pulaski arrived on the 8th of May, accompanied by his cavalry, but that his infantry did not come in till the 11th, the day on which Prevost sat down before the town. I will not follow the example of our author, by cavilling as to when, even by the account he himself adopts, the legion may be said to have arrived, whether on the coming in of a part or of the whole; but I beg leave to give the true account of the matter. Early in the Spring of 1779, Pulaski was ordered to march his legion from their winter quarters in Jersey to Georgia, then recently invaded by the enemy. He himself took what was called the upper road, but, for the greater facility of procuring subsistence, and to take care of such of the sick and convalescent as could bear the journey, he detached by the lower road a troop of dragoons and a company of infantry, with instructions to the commander of the detachment to recruit, and obtain what supplies he could, from the state governors. At the time they reached Williamsburg, then the seat of government in Virginia, a small British fleet had entered James River, and landed some troops. Mr. Jefferson had just then succeeded Patrick Henry in the government of the state, and the commander of the detachment tendered his services to the governor on the occasion. This occurrence retarded the march of the detachment, which did not reach Charleston till the enemy had retreated. Pulaski, therefore, had not the whole legion with him on his arrival at Charleston; nor, indeed, did he bring with him all the forces he had taken with him by the upper road. For learning on the

way the incursion of the enemy into South Carolina, he hastened forward with the most able of his men and horses. But had he even with his whole legion reached Charleston on the 8th, three days before the arrival of Prevost, my chronology would still have been sufficiently accurate for my purpose, which was to show his arrival time enough to be present during the siege. From the pains which the Judge has taken to prove the arrival of Pulaski three days before Prevost, one would think he had fallen into the absurdity of supposing me to have imagined, that the mere terror of Pulaski's name and legion had caused the British Commander to raise the siege. Whether is it absurdity or disingenuousness that leads him afterwards to impute to me the assertion, that the sortie of Pulaski "caused Prevost to raise the siege and decamp?"

But I leave the reader to decide how far this consequence was brought about by the part subsequently taken by Pulaski, together with Laurens, in supporting Moultrie in his resolve "to fight it out," and in remonstrating with him against the capitulation proposed by the Governor and Council. It is certain that Prevost decamped after learning the determination of the commander of the garrison. Thus the firmness of Moultrie saved the town, and it is admitted that Pulaski was one of those who gave him the support of their opinion before the Governor and Council. "Gen. Count Pulaski and myself," says Moultrie, as quoted in the Remarks, "advised them not to give up the town," and the Remarks themselves inform us, that "on this occasion Moultrie was instructed by the Governor and Council, to give a negative to the demand *on the terms proposed.*" Our author makes the Vindication say, that the terms of capitulation were agreed on *when Pulaski arrived.* If he will take another look at the passage, he will find it to state, that they were agreed on *when Pulaski repaired to the Council Chamber.* I do not



know whether I was mistaken in saying that they were "agreed on," when they were proposed, and the question was whether to accept them or not. It is, at most, a verbal criticism, not worth disputing about.

But nothing exasperates our Remarker so much as the passing observation I let fall, on Pulaski's desiring to raise the drooping spirits of the inhabitants of Charleston. Indeed he tells us plainly, that he "will not control his feelings." I wish he would, however,—because nothing is so prejudicial to the right use of the judgment, as giving loose to one's feelings. Many worthy men, with understandings quite as good as our author's, have, from this very habit, found them entirely useless all their lives. As I am no rhetorician, I am as unable to cope with his declamation on this theme, as I am to understand how I gave occasion for it. Gordon, who had, I presume, no disrespect for the inhabitants of Charleston, and who wrote too long ago to be one of the "impudent" confederates against the author of the Sketches, has a passage which I will quote, both because it is much stronger than my own, and because it informs us by what means Pulaski succeeded in reanimating the spirits of the besieged. "Pulaski, however, by discovering the greatest intrepidity, and by successful personal encounters with individuals of the British cavalry, had a considerable influence in dispelling the general panick, and in introducing military sentiments in the minds of the citizens."\* The people of besieged towns feel pretty much alike in like circumstances. Nothing, however, is more possible and indeed reasonable, than that the citizens of Charleston felt as our author tells us they did. As this spirit would naturally cause them to be angry and despond at the proposition of a surrender, so any circumstance which was likely to avert it, would inspire opposite sentiments. Yet this is the assertion, or rather the

\* Gordon, vol. 3, p. 431.

implication, which seems so ludicrous to our author, that he can scarcely "suppress his sensations:" that is, I suppose, he would laugh if he were not too angry. It may, however, be in the recollection of those who were in Charleston at that period, and who still live, how, on the arrival of Pulaski, all the young men who could procure horses, united to place themselves under his command. Such is the effect of what the Judge calls "fearless rashness," in exciting popular feeling.

Thus shorn by his pursuer of all possible honour, the "old Polander" is next condemned by him to a sort of relegation; "for though," say the Remarks, "he appears sometimes in the annals of the campaign down to the end of June, we hear nothing more of him till the siege of Savannah: but there is a letter from Col. Grimke, published by Moultrie, which states his having withdrawn his legionary corps from the service in disgust." Difficult as it is for our author to be right, one sometimes wonders how he contrives to be wrong. How comes he not to have heard what all the world knows?—that after the retreat of Prevost from Carolina into Georgia, Gen. Lincoln retired to a healthy situation in the vicinity of Beaufort, Pulaski remaining meanwhile at Charleston, both inactive certainly, but in expectation of D'Estaing, who at length, on the 1st of September, arrived on the coast of Georgia, with a large fleet, and between three and four thousand land troops. His arrival roused the whole country. D'Estaing sent the chief of his staff, the Count de Fontanges, to Charleston, to confer with Lincoln on their ultimate combined operations; and when it was understood that D'Estaing was to land his troops at Beaulieu in Georgia on the 14th of September, in concert with Lincoln, who was to cross the river Savannah on the same day, Pulaski, who had *not* "withdrawn in disgust," left Charleston in order to join Lincoln, and they

reached Zubley's Ferry on the Savannah together, on the day agreed on.

Here we found no boats, the enemy having destroyed them, and those which were expected down the river, having not yet arrived. But a single canoe having been found at length, and Lincoln being extremely anxious to pass some horse across the river, in order to reconnoitre, and follow the movements of the enemy, Pulaski determined to accomplish it, by sending over in the canoe a man at a time, with his accoutrements, and swimming the horse alongside. In this manner between twenty and thirty horse accomplished a landing on the other bank, of whom Pulaski gave me the command. Our road lay through a defile, formed by a causeway carried through a swamp, several bridges of which it was necessary to mend, in order to pass the horse over. The distance to the high grounds was, I think, about three miles, on reaching which we discovered two redoubts in front of the defile. It was lucky for us, as there was no going to the right or the left, and no retreat in the rear, that the enemy had abandoned these a short time before. I have no disposition to relate the particulars of a service rendered perilous by the smallness of our number. Wholly insulated from our army, which was separated from us by a river which it had no means of crossing, our only safety, during that night and the following day, was in wakefulness and activity. Fortunately we found all the outward posts and redoubts evacuated, and the enemy concentrated within the lines at Savannah, in sight of which I came late in the evening of the next day, my men and horses extremely fatigued. I then retreated on the road leading to the ferry I had crossed. About midnight I was challenged, and, to my great relief, it proved to be Pulaski, with the remainder of the legion and some volunteers, (for he was seldom without a number of them,) who had thus rapidly followed on my footsteps. We took the first road to

the right, through the woods, and took up our quarters for the remainder of the night, in a large plantation.

Early next morning, a man in a red coat was discovered riding through the woods. Dragoons were sent in pursuit of him, and he was soon taken and brought to our quarters. He proved to be an express sent by D'Estaing with a letter to Lincoln, and also one to Pulaski, in which he informed him of his landing, and said, among many other flattering things, "that knowing Count Pulaski was there, he was sure he would be the first to join him." Though it then rained heavily, Pulaski instantly hastened to D'Estaing at his landing place, where they cordially embraced, and expressed mutual happiness at the meeting. On the next day D'Estaing, not wishing to wait for Lincoln, informed Pulaski of his intention to march to Savannah, and said that he counted on his legion to form his van. In pursuance of this wish, we set out immediately, and reached Savannah some time before D'Estaing, where we engaged and cut off an advanced picket of the enemy's infantry. D'Estaing, on his arrival, displayed his forces, and sent in his summons: the result is well known. On the next day Gen. Lincoln joined us with his troops, and the two commanders in chief of the combined forces, determined on a regular siege, and finally to storm the place, as may be seen in histories more authentick than either the Sketches or the Remarks. I may be permitted to say, however, that from our arrival to the period of the unfortunate attack, scarcely a day or a night passed without our encountering some of the enemy's advanced pickets or patrols.

All these particulars,—proofs certainly of the activity of Pulaski and his legion,—are beneath our Remarker's notice, who disdainful of facts, or else not at home among them, wanders out into his native field of conjecture and improbability. Thus, by way of amends perhaps for these omissions, he entertains

us with the improbable legend of Pulaski's storming the redoubts at Savannah with cavalry. I have already related in the Vindication, under what circumstances the General received his death wound, nor will any one who reads the plain narrative I have there given, be reduced, as our author supposes, to the dilemma of believing, that it was either while he was disobeying orders, or else when abandoned by his soldiers. I refer the reader to that part of the Vindication; but, in the mean time, a simple perusal of the extract of the order of attack, as given by Judge Johnson, will show that neither Lincoln nor Pulaski was guilty of the blunder which he seeks to fasten on them.

Thus,—(vid. Remarks, p. 35) “the cavalry under the command of Count Pulaski, will parade at the same time with the infantry, and *follow* the left column of the French troops, and precede the column of the American light troops: they will endeavour to penetrate the enemy's lines between the battery on the left of the Spring Hill redoubt, and the next towards the river: having effected this, they will pass to the left towards Yamacraw, and secure such parties of the enemy as may be lodged in that quarter.” To one who has the least understanding of military affairs, nothing can possibly be more evident, than that the cavalry under the command of Pulaski, were to *follow* the left column of the French troops, and, when the way should be opened by those troops, were to penetrate within the enemy's lines in the manner directed. And again say the orders,—“the light troops who are to follow the cavalry, will attempt to enter the redoubt on the left of Spring Hill, by escalade.” Certainly there is not a word said here, of the cavalry's attempting the escalade. On the contrary, the order of the attack is quite simple and usual. Had the column of the French troops succeeded in their escalade, the way would have been opened, and the cavalry would have entered; and, in the mean time,

the column of American light troops, if they succeeded in carrying the other redoubt by escalade, would have followed the cavalry into the town. But the attacking parties failed, and therefore the cavalry could not act; and that they did not act, may be discovered by referring to the return of the killed and wounded of that day, among whom will be found, I believe, none of the cavalry, save Pulaski and myself. To give Judge Johnson's interpretation to the orders, would be fixing madness, not indeed on Pulaski, but on Gen Lincoln, who gave them. To suppose either of them capable of such a blunder as to attempt an escalade with cavalry, is to make them as skillless in war, as our author is in history.

It is pretty manifest, by this time, that neither the legion nor its leader is in the good graces of the author of the Remarks. Indeed this aversion to Pulaski, and, on the other hand, the undeniable reputation of the Polish chief, keep our author balancing constantly in a kind of antithesis of feeble praise and peevish censure. He admits Pulaski to have sacrificed home, rank and fortune; but it was not for Poland, nor because he was "the enemy of kings," but because Stanislaus was not the king of his choice: he confesses him to have been eminently brave, and he confesses, too, the effect of consummate courage on popular feeling; but he cannot allow it to have had any such influence at Charleston: he declares that Pulaski merits our gratitude for his services; yet he will no where admit him to have performed any. But if he tampers with the reputation of its commander, he grows furious against the legion itself, and thrice in wrath he annihilates it quite. It was "surprised and *cut up* at Egg Harbour; *destruction* awaited it at Charleston; and from Monk's Corner *nothing was saved* but Capt. Bentalou and the colours." Verily, the organ of destructiveness must have an extraordinary development in our Justice:

"Thrice he routed all his foes,  
And thrice he slew the slain."

As to Egg Harbour, the story runs thus:—In the autumn of 1779, a small British fleet, with some land troops, was sent from New York to the coast of New Jersey. To prevent their depredations, Pulaski was ordered thither by the Board of War, with his legion, a company of Proctor's artillery, and a body of Jersey and Pennsylvania militia. On our arrival, the enemy reembarked, and their ships remained at anchor near the shore. Pulaski formed his camp in front of the enemy, placing the infantry of the legion, under the command of Lieut. Col. Baron De Bosen, at some distance on his right: the first troop of light dragoons of the legion, with the militia, formed his left, under the command of the captain of the troop. During the preceding winter, three Hessian officers had deserted to us from the enemy, and the youngest of these men, (who certainly deserved neither reception nor countenance,) was sent to Pulaski by the Board of War, without a commission indeed, but with orders to let him do the duty of a sub-lieutenant in the legion. This man was treated with such severity by De Bosen, whose high sense of honour led him to despise one who, though a commissioned officer, could be guilty of deserting his colours, that he determined to revenge himself in a manner that could not have been foreseen or imagined. Under pretence of fishing, he one day left the camp, with two other men, and as they did not return, and it could not be supposed he would have the hardihood to return to the enemy, they were thought to be drowned. It seems, however, that he ventured to go back, and the enemy, under his guidance, and the cover of the night, landed and penetrated, before break of day, to De Bosen's quarters. On the first alarm, the Lieut. Colonel rushed out, armed with his sword and pistols; but though he was a remarkably stout man, and fought like a lion, he was overpowered by numbers and killed. The instant the news reached head quarters, the cavalry went full speed to the spot; but we

had the mortification to see the enemy already in their boats, on their return to the ships, with the exception of a few stragglers, whom we made prisoners in numbers greater than our own loss. The principal object seemed, indeed, to have been De Bosen. The voice of the deserter was distinctly heard exclaiming, "this is the Colonel,—kill him;" and De Bosen's whole body was found pierced with bayonets. That the Colonel did not sufficiently consult his own safety, is very probable; but what mighty disgrace attaches to Pulaski or his legion from this surprise, is not so obvious. The fault belongs, if any where, to the Board of War, who sent the traitorous Hessian to Pulaski.

As, without literally violating truth, there is a disingenuous manner of telling a story, which answers pretty much the same purpose, this mode of speech has been employed as to what fell out at Monk's Corner, from our Remarker's way of relating which, it might be thought that the disgrace (if any) of that affair, belonged wholly to the Independent Legionary Corps.

On the death of Pulaski, the legion, much reduced by death and other causes, passed under the command of the Major, the only surviving field officer, and, together with some other corps and the militia, was ordered to the camp formed under Gen. Huger at Monk's Corner, during the siege of Charleston by Sir Henry Clinton. This camp, which was intended to maintain the communication between the city and the country, was surprised, and in the rout the Major of the legion was killed. I myself was not there, and therefore owed my safety, not to the nimbleness of my horse's heels, as our author, more disposed, as usual, to be fanciful than true, seems inclined to think, but to the circumstance of my not having yet recovered from the wounds I had received at Savannah. The standard was delivered to me by my first lieutenant, who is yet alive, after having received fourteen wounds in the service. That something more, however, than



the standard of the legion, was saved at Monk's Corner, will be seen from the following resolution of Congress, of the 23d of February, 1780.

*"Resolved*, that the remains of the Legion of the late Count Pulaski, be incorporated with the corps of Colonel Armand, Marquis de la Rouerie, in such manner as the commander in chief of the southern army shall think proper; the united corps to be formed into a legion commanded by Colonel Armand."

As to the affair of Stono Ferry, if I did not know the temper of the author to Pulaski, I should doubt, as every reader must, whether the mention of it in the Remarks, were intended as a compliment or a censure. I may, therefore, leave it as it is: yet I could disclose a fact in regard to that affair, which would reflect the greatest honour on Gen. Huger.—He is no more; but if his papers are preserved, and among them could be found a letter received at the moment when he and Pulaski were on the eve of attacking this post, it would explain why they were disappointed in the execution of an enterprise conceived and determined on in perfect accord, and in which they counted confidently on success and honour;—a disappointment which almost drew tears from Gen. Huger, and which was the subject of vexation to Pulaski to the day of his death.

Our author appears very much disposed to break an awkward jest on the exhibition of the flag of the legion, on Lafayette's entrance into Baltimore. This relic I had, with an old man's feeling, kept locked up in my house forty-five years, and there probably it had remained, had not the return of the soldier of freedom to our shores, drawn from concealment every memorial, however trifling, which it was thought might recal to him the grateful recollection of the period and the companions of his early toils. Among the rest, the standard was displayed by a company of volunteers in this city, who requested it of me for this purpose, and to whom I was induced to grant it by

the consideration I have just spoken of. When the occasion was answered, it was deposited in the Baltimore Museum, as a "relick of old days" interesting to Baltimore at least, which, when a village, had been the cradle of the legion, and whose women, with a touch of patriotism, had caused this standard to be made and presented to the young corps.

I have now, with all the brevity I could, yet at much greater length than I wished, examined the charges advanced or reiterated in the Remarks. As to many of these, my evidence directly contradicts that of the author: of others the absurdity and inconsistency are so manifest, as to furnish intrinsic evidence against them. Of those, therefore, who are ignorant personally of us both, I have a right to expect, whenever there occurs a case of the first kind, an estimate of our respective authority as witnesses, adjusted by the frequent instances observable in our author of the last. The corroborative testimony which I have adduced, carries its own weight. Such readers, perhaps, as have made their first acquaintance with our Remarker as a biographer, may think all I have done a mere work of supererogation, and that the intrinsic heaviness of the Sketches, would of itself have dragged their author, with all his calumnies and his mistakes, into oblivion. That work is, indeed, so seasoned with absurdity, and contains so much ridiculous hearsay and incredible anecdote, as almost to sink it beneath the level of serious criticism, and quite take away any celebrity that a controvertist might derive from the dignity of his antagonist. The following piece of burlesque is taken from the Sketches, p. 88, and is related in such a tone as persuades us that its author really meant it to be believed.

"But a more striking proof (of the fearlessness of Greene) was exhibited on this occasion in a ludicrous incident that occurred to one of his aids. His station was in the rear; cues and curls were at that time in fashion in the army. Major Burnet, who was riding

beside him, had turned his head to observe some occurrence behind him when a musket ball cut away his cue, and it fell to the ground. Greene observing it, called out, 'Burnet, if you can spare time, get down and pick up your cue.' Burnet, who had just then put up his hand to *observe* what had happened in that quarter, in turning round to join in the laugh, saw that one of the General's curls had fallen a sacrifice to a similar casualty. He coolly replied, 'and your curl at the same time, if you please, General.' Greene laughed, and moved on, but without mending his pace."

It is almost a pity to spoil a story related with such lively verisimilitude, by mentioning that Gen. Greene never wore curls, nor, we believe, any other officer in the army except Wayne, of whom it is recollected because it was singular. The tale is worthy of old Weems, and, instead of disgracing the biography of the veteran Greene, might have figured in some remote farm house in the Judge's circuit, in a story book for children, with a wood-cut frontispiece, and a title page something after the following fashion:—, 'The life and surprising exploits of the valiant Quinbus Flestrin, showing how he slew forty thousand bloody Englishmen with his own hand, with the loss of only one curl from his own head, and a cue from his major's.'"

But I take my leave of the Remarks, and that with a sincere wish that their author had been more mindful of the high station he occupies, when he was pleased to name me in the manner he has frequently done. But for the circumstance that the uncourteous treatment I have received, proceeded from one high in office, I might, perhaps, have left wholly unanswered his absurd suspicions and his passionate invective. The writer of the Sketches has, to be sure, much excuse for these sallies of impatience; he is the author of a bad book, whose demerit is distinctly recognized by the publick. A writer, indeed, who would escape

the sting of censure, must either be infallible, or else insensible to the reproach of being wrong; yet I believe few persons have read the Remarks without mingling with their indignation some surprise, that one who is so often wrong, should yet rise into such wrath at every new detection. He has still some discipline to undergo, or I am much mistaken; for, content with answering what fell to my share of the Remarks, I have left the scourge in hands that will use it without suspicion of the partiality, which the publick may attribute to the friend and fellow soldier of Pulaski. Perhaps, however, the Judge in his quality of author, is hardly any longer a just subject of anger; and may be congratulated on the probability of all his sins in that way, being, as the old phrase goes, both forgiven and forgotten. He has thus what consolation a wrong doer may have,—the knowledge that his meditated crime failed of its purpose. After all, the Sketches are probably on a level with too many other chronicles; but they chanced to fall on evil days, and should have been kept from the world till none survived to detect their calumnies, and the theme had become too old to prick a champion forward, even in vindication of truth.

